

time in England as upon the continent. A book rather than a letter would be required to verify this assertion; but I can say that I have considered these tombs with the greatest attention and conscience, and find this verdict.

Now if you demand my opinion regarding the forms of these edifices in rivalry with those which were constructed at the same time in Germany, France, and the Low Countries, in this style, I must tell you that they appear to me to have in general the same poetic sentiment, the same merits, and the same faults; and in particular, that the parts of the cathedrals built between 1245 and 1325 at Cologne, Rheims, Strasburgh, Bois-le-Duc, Antwerp, Utrecht, &c. are to be preferred for their pure and harmonious principles to every other Gothic monument which I have visited. I have not thought it necessary to remind you of additions made to these buildings since 1350, more or less differing from the first type.

London does not appear to possess any remarkable edifices built in the style of the seventeenth century. Between 1570 and 1670 the great revolution occurred which convulsed the entire population, and was probably the cause why architecture slumbered among you for so many years. Building, it is true, went on, but at that time people built masses without any architectural character; and the only peculiar feature which I have observed in the castles of that time is, that they were always surmounted with little turrets, which have been adopted, but in a slightly different manner, in the large mansions; Northumberland House, for example, which has two small towers on the flanks, with a principal entrance, which approaches (though but slightly) to the style *diamant*, and this even was a great luxury in the days of Puritanism.

In walking through the town my attention was involuntarily first fixed upon the steeples. They almost all bear the stamp of what seems to be called here the Anglo-Italian school (I except those of St. Michael's in Cornhill and St. Dunstan's in the East, which are copied from the Gothic), and chiefly were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, commenced in 1675 and finished in 1711. Wren was the man who gave a new impulse to architecture in England: the church of St. Peter, with its vast cupola, at Rome, designed by Bramante and continued by Michael Angelo, struck him, and he built for the Protestants in London that which existed for the Catholics at Rome. I give the preference for solidity in the dome and for the proportions of the portico in the principal facade to St. Paul's, admitting that the towers and lantern of St. Peter's are very superior to those of the London church. Certainly Wren was a very skilful copyist in every style of architecture, in Gothic as well as in Roman-Italian: for the first see St. Michael's and St. Dunstan's. All the other steeples, churches, or monuments erected from 1675 to 1750 in London, are more or less copies of Italy according to Scamozzi, Vignola, and other founders of architecture; and there are some which are ridiculous enough,—for instance, the steeple of St. Bennet, at the corner of Fenchurch-street and Gracechurch-street, which enjoys Greek frontispieces on the four facades surrounded by an Italian cupola, carrying for lantern an Egyptian obelisk with a spiky top. It is saddening to contemplate such an example of the distressed state in which architecture found itself in the 18th century, because it was not in London only that people fabricated at that time similar specimens of bad taste; they were produced throughout Europe. Nevertheless, an honourable exception for this period is the residence called the Lord Mayor's Mansion-house, which is *très gentil* in its proportions, excepting the story in the roof, which ought never to have surmounted the frontispiece.

At a little distance from London, at Greenwich on the banks of the Thames, is situated a hospital for invalided sailors, the largest and the finest hospital in the world. To gain a general notion of the plan we must imagine four blocks

of building ornamented with two small domes 130 feet in height, and forming, with the courts, one large rectangular edifice. Seats for the inmates, when tired of walking about, are every where placed; and at three o'clock a magnificent band, formed of the pupils in the naval school, amuses these old walruses with music; but such music! so superb! It is infinitely superior to the orchestral efforts of the small theatres in London; and the drum-major or the music master must be a very clever man to have brought these young gamins to a harmony so perfect in its execution. In short, Greenwich Hospital is the Paradise of the Royal Navy. Wren and others designed the principal buildings, in their own style of architecture, so that to mention them renders it superfluous to speak thereof in detail. The whole edifice is very well distributed, and the colonnades give a pretty effect. The domestic arrangement of the interior seems irreproachable, and the arrangement of the chapel, the interior of which was renovated in 1789, by Stuart, in the Greek style, both pretty and clever: I say clever, because I remarked that the architrave of the windows is raised higher than the floor of the galleries, which has been contrived with a great deal of ability in the same way as at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. On leaving, I found that a new entrance is being constructed, without any regard to the general architecture of this grand edifice, in the same manner as private houses are built at this day in England, of red brick, by Mr. Hardwick, R.A., which gives us the conviction, and I say it with regret, that there is in your country no surveillance over the architecture of public buildings.

The great revolution in France at the end of the last century gave an altogether different impulse to letters and the arts. The Republic declared that everything must be what it termed classic, in the arts as well as in politics; and that only amongst the Greeks could a citizen learn what architecture, sculpture, and painting were. We cannot deny, if we would, that the age of Pericles produced, among the Greeks, *chefs-d'œuvre* of sculpture and architecture, and that the sentiment of beauty was carried to a high perfection at that time; but nevertheless it was a great error to revive and transplant their architecture in the middle of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century, amongst a people with religion, habits, and climate altogether different. Nevertheless the style was adopted in England as well as in all other civilized nations; and London is in possession of a tolerably large number of buildings in this style. It would be a great mistake indeed to suppose that England, or better still, that every country has had a style of its own. I have studied the art a little in Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and lastly here in England, and I find in every age a change or movement in forms, which has vibrated through all countries in the slightest connection with each other.

The East-India House, designed in 1800 by R. Jupp, is a pretty remarkable instance of the desire to build *à la Grecque*, and of the simultaneous ignorance of the type of that style. Look at that facade, and you will see a Greek portico with Roman-Italian flanks.

After Jupp, Sir Robert Smirke, Sir John Soane, Wilkins, Barry, and Tite have competed for the glory of terrestrial immortality,—Smirke at the British Museum, Custom House, General Post Office, and the Mint; Soane at the Bank; Wilkins at the National Gallery and University College; Barry at the Treasury; and Tite, as inventor of the new Royal Exchange. And which of these great imitators of the Greeks is to have the wreath? Wilkins, who has planted Italian domes on Greek porticoes? Tite, whose chimneys, treated like triumphal arches and a little Roman steeple, are placed upon the roof behind the pediment of a portico, while at the same time the friezes are decorated with garlands *à la Louis XV.*? No. But the Custom House, the Treasury, and the British Museum remain to you. The Post Office is built in the same style, but is not so pure. The Custom House is not bad, but it absolutely wants harmony in the principal facade. The colonnades are

interrupted by the string courses of the two stories, and the cornice is overcharged with a balustrade or attic of bad proportions. I think the Treasury and the British Museum the finest monuments of the commencement of this century in London, as being the purest copies of the Greek taste; but as the cornice of the balustrade in the first is ornamented with *esquimaux* instead of statues, and as a fitting entrance is wanting, I give the preference to the last-named building, which, more than any other edifice has struck me by its extreme simplicity and harmony.

I must not weary you with a recital of all that I have seen of your great buildings, or of the churches,—not even St. Pancras, which has a very pretty exterior, erected between 1815 and 1825,—nor even with a dissertation upon your columns, which I respect very much as national monuments, but to which, as monuments of our art, I am indifferent. Generally, they are but feeble copies of those which I saw and admired for two years at Rome, except that invented by Wren in 1671, which is at once the tallest and the lowest. The others, those of the Duke of York by Wyatt, and of Nelson by Railton, are well situated, and give a very pretty aspect to the environs of their locality.

However, if I cannot admire the edifices cited, do not imagine that I should not render homage to their projectors: they have done their best. As the principle of transplanting this style of architecture to our soil is false, they had to surmount a thousand obstacles, and the skill with which these have been combated, has been, in some cases, wonderful. Above all, they have turned architecture out of a most dangerous path; and the acknowledgment of a beautiful type, which reigns in all pure Greek architecture, has contributed much to the correction of the depraved taste of the eighteenth century. But before passing to the monuments of our own day, let me speak of the bridges thrown over the Thames to unite the two wings of the metropolis.

Much has been said upon the question whether bridges belong to the department of the architect or of the engineer. Now, it seems to me that everything *to be built* belongs to the architect, whether above or below the earth, above or below the water. At Venice and Amsterdam, for instance, all the houses are built upon the water by architects: the questions arising from simple forces, the elements, or substances, form the territory of the architect; while the combination of forces in fire and water with their result, steam, machinery in all its varieties, the results of high mathematics and chemical investigations are the labours of the engineer. I might have used the words geometry, hydrostatics, diaphragm, aerodynamics, &c., but I wish to be generally intelligible.

Of the seven bridges, two belong to the eighteenth and five to the nineteenth century. Westminster-bridge, constructed in 1750, and Blackfriars-bridge in 1770, are both weak in their form as well as in construction: erected upon *caisson* foundations (a false and most dangerous principle in rivers), they have been always sinking, and are now loudly crying "help." Waterloo-bridge and London-bridge, designed and executed by John Rennie and his sons, are beyond doubt the most beautiful works of their kind in Europe. The simplicity, strength, and elegance of their proportions, united to an exquisite choice of materials, render the architecture of these two bridges irreproachable. Vauxhall-bridge, erected in 1816, by James Walker, and Southwark-bridge, designed by the elder Rennie, have their curves in iron. The last, which has only three arches, is much superior to the first, which has nine, in all that regards stability of construction and beauty of form; but, as Vauxhall-bridge cost 300,000*l.* and its rival 800,000*l.*, we must respect the economical, and at the same time satisfactory, construction of the cheaper one. The Hungerford suspension bridge, by I. K. Brunel, is a remarkable trial of a principle, and more remarkable for its appearance than for its utility. To pass this bridge in a carriage, or with heavily laden carts is impossible: there is an eternal serpentine movement; and if the wind whistles, the